

POEMS

Divine, Moral, and Philosophical.

To which is annex'd,

A N APPENDIX O F DIVINE and PHILOSOPHICAL SUBJECTS,

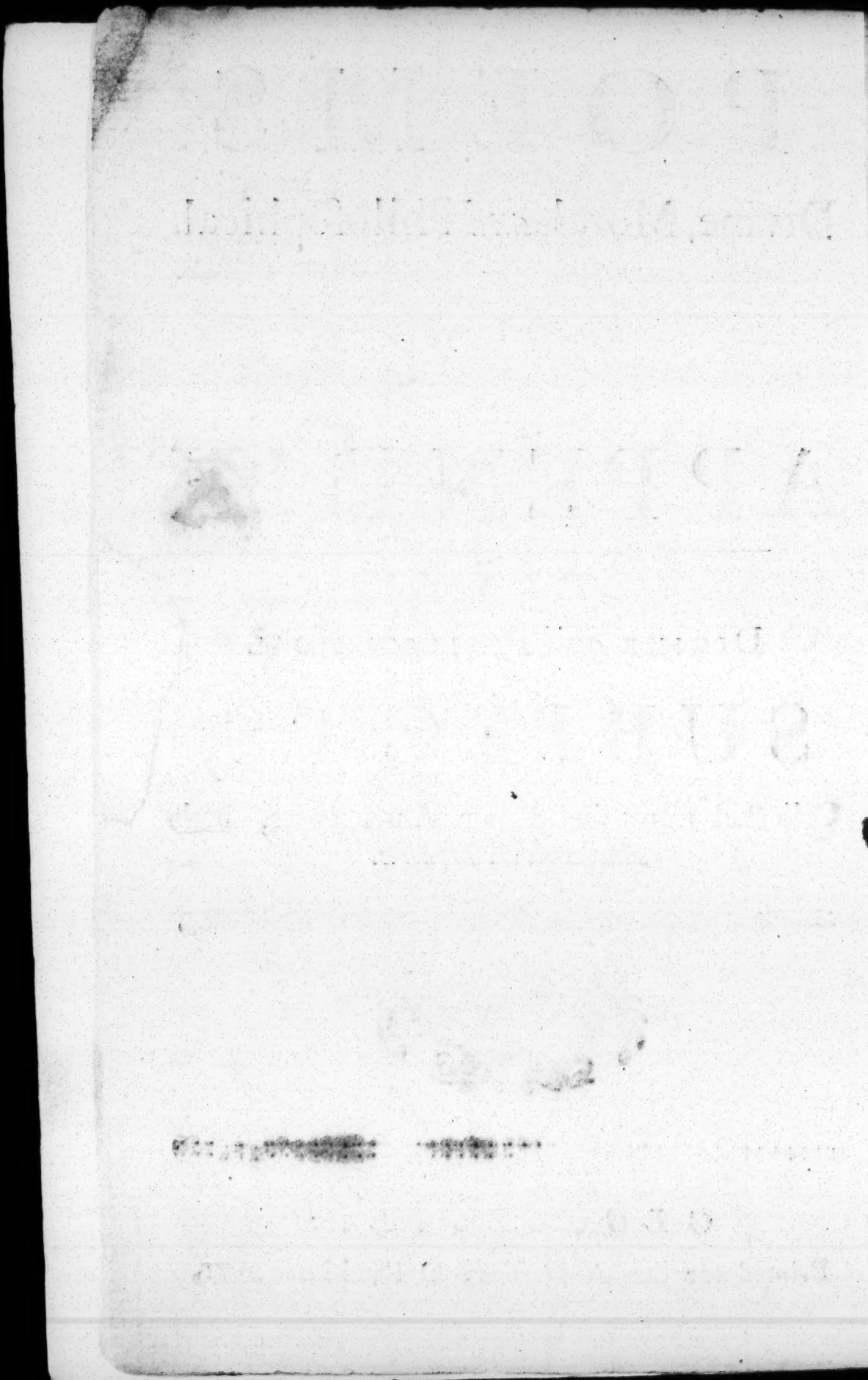
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Ancient and Modern.

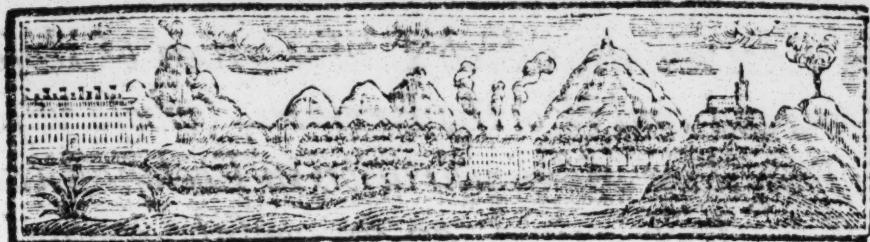


GLoucester;

Printed for the AUTHOR, M DCC XLVI.

Price 1s.
85. b. 27.





THE PREFACE.

DIVINE POETRY hath been highly esteem'd, in all Ages, by Men of polite Parts and Learning; but, more especially, by those, who have had a virtuous Education. And Holy Scripture affords us the most exalted Pieces of Poesy that ever came into the World; whereby Divine Truths, and the Precepts of Morality, have been transmitted to Posterity. But there have been some celebrated Poets, who have burlesqu'd Religion, and countenanc'd Vice and Immorality, to gratify an obscene Stage, and a corrupted Populace. I have endeavour'd to set forth the Excellency of the Christian Religion, and the Honour that is due to the Christian Priesthood; but humbly acknowledge, that

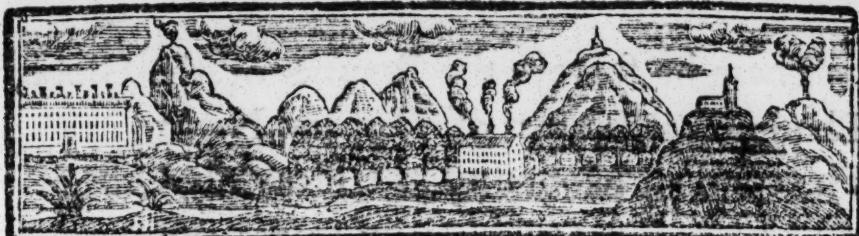
The P R E F A C E.

the *Encomiums*, which I have given of those Reverend and Worthy Prelates, (whose wise and vigilant Administration in Ecclesiastical Affairs hath gain'd an universal Applause from all true Lovers of the Church) are far short of what are due to their Merit; and freely own, that it requir'd a sublimer Pen to set forth their Praise. I doubt not, but that I shall be censur'd by some pretended Criticks: The only Reply, I shall make, is, that I shall be glad to see them do it better. How well I have executed this Performance, I shall leave to the Judgment of the Learned; and beg Leave to return my most humble and hearty Thanks to those worthy Gentlemen who are Subscribers, to whom I dedicate the ensuing P O E M S; and am, with due Respect,

Their most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

M. C.



POEMS

Divine, Moral, and Philosophical.

The happy State of a Retired Life.

[*In MILTONIAN VERSE.*]

 APPY's the Man, who, with Content,
enjoys
 A decent Cottage on a rural Plain,
Near to a Grove where runs a limped Stream,
Far from the Tumults of a noisy Town,
Where hated Pride and Malice keep their Court.

There he enjoys the pleasant Sweets of Life,
And sees Dame FLORA paint the verdant Fields
With beauteous Flow'rs, grateful to the Sight,
Which the soft Air with balmy Fragrance fill ;
And hears the feather'd Songsters warbling Notes,
Which far exceed the tuneful Pipe and Lyre.

B

There

There he surveys the Beauties of the Globe,
 The just Vicissitudes of Day and Night,
 The constant Motion of the Heav'ly Orbs,
 Which, in just Order, daily Stages run ;
 And views, with Extasy, the wondrous Works
 Of Pow'r Almighty, Wisdom Infinite.

Oh, happy State ! free from those boist'rous
 Storms
 Of Envy, Discord, Slander, and Revenge,
 Which fly incessantly throughout the World !

There's no Attendance giv'n at Palaces ;
 Nor waiting at the Levees of the Great :
 There none do flatter for Preferment's Sake ;
 Nor cringe to the great Idols of the Crowd.

No pompous Schemes of Wealth molest the
 Soul ;
 No Scenes of Grandeur captivate the Mind :
 There nought but undismayed Joys reside,
 Which are unknown to Courts and Palaces.

There he enjoys Tranquility of Mind ;
 Sweet Meditations are his whole Delight :
 No worldly Cares, or Business, curb his Soul,
 Nor triumph over his superior Sense.

Not all the mundane Pomps and Gaiety,
 On which vain Mortals place their chief Delight ;
 Nor

Nor Wealth, nor Honour, with their dazzling
Charms,
Can draw him from his blissful Privacy.

There he enjoys his Grotto, and his Seat,
In Safety, Innocence, and sweet Repose :
He's thankful for those Blessings he receives,
And would not change with CÆSAR for a Crown.



*Quam magnifica sunt opera tua, Domine !
Omnia in sapientia fecisti.*

THOSE that in Virtue's Sacred Paths do
tread,
And by Religious Principles are led,
Adore the Deity, and him confess
To be the great Creator of th' Universe :

He fix'd the Pillars, the Foundations laid ;
And all was by th' Almighty's *Fiat* made,
Without the least Disorder, or Defect
In the all-wise and skilful Architect :
'Twas fram'd by Wisdom, and a Power immense,
And not by an imaginary Chance ;
Nor, as some vainly dreamt, these Forms could be,
From everlasting, with the Deity.

When this capacious, ornamental Frame,
 By his Command in beauteous Order came,
 He deck'd the Heavens with transparent Light,
 " Which gild the Morning, and adorn the
 " Night ; "

Gives vital Heat and Nourishment to all
 Created Beings on this Terraqueous Ball ;
 His Sov'reign Power o'er all his Works presides,
 And for them all most plenteously provides.

The Heav'nly Globes their stated Courses steer,
 They never vary, clash, nor interfere ;
 By 'stablish'd Laws they act with Constancy,
 According to the Rules of Harmony,
 And strictest Order and Oeconomy ; }
 They work by an impulsive Power, giv'n
 By th' Omnipotent, which reigns in Heaven.
 Creatures inanimate never go astray ;
 But Men, vain Men ! his Orders disobey ! }

THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS, AND MODERNS,
compared.

NATURAL Religion, now so much preferr'd
 To Sacred Truth, in holy Writ declar'd,
 By Modern Advocates, for Heresy,
 Profaneness, Vice, and Immorality, Is

Is vastly wide from that, which th' ancient Sages,
By the Light of Reason, found in former Ages.

Amongst the Ancients 'twas their chiefeſt Rule,
Their Paſſions to ſubdue, their Lufts controul.
The Moderns carnal Pleaſures deify,
And live in ſlothful Eafe and Luxury.

With th' Ancients nougħt prevail'd at any Rate,
To make them diſbelieve a future State.

Our Modern Reaſ'ners, in good earneſt, do
Deſire a future State may not prove true ;
And, in uncertain Hope, ſecurely lie,
That the Soul will with th' mortal Body die.

The learned Ancients their own Ignorance
knew,
And wiſh'd they might a clearer Light purſue,
Than natural Reaſon could attain unto.

Our Moderns think themſelves extremely bright,
And ſcornfully diſdain a clearer Light,
Such as was unto Holy Pen-men giv'n,
By the eternal Light which reigns in Heav'n.

The Ancients highly rev'renc'd and eſteem'd
All Relicks that were by them Sacred deem'd.

Our Modern Tribe (nurs'd in the Devil's
School)
Turn all that's Sacred into Ridicule. To



*To a LADY, whose bright Eyes
eclips'd the SUN.*

IN Kincoate Gardens, to avoid the Heat,
We spent the Ev'ning in a cool Retreat ;
Where Gravel-Walks with skilful Art are made,
And spreading Trees afford a pleasant Shade ;
Where feather'd Choiristers do sweetly sing,
And Flow'ry Beauties paint the verdant Spring.

On the green Walk we sat, where Friendship
meets,
And gentle Zephyrs fan the balmy Sweets.
Such radiant Beams from fair *Maria's* Eyes
Made *Sol* retreat within the vaulted Skies ;
Rays shone so clear, he trembled at the Sight,
And blush'd to see *Maria* shine so bright.



*Magnos qui meruit, parvos contempsit honores,
Ad famam ascendens nobiliore via.*

IF you to Honour's Pinacle would rise,
Virtue embrace, ignoble Acts despise ;
'Tis virtuous Acts that will adorn your Name,
And eternize it in the Court of Fame. Mens

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Mens sana, in corpore sano.

A Healthful Body, and a peaceful Breast,
Of all the Gifts of Providence, are best.

Know THYSELF.

THIS useful Lesson all Mankind should learn,
To know themselves to be but Mortals frail ;
And, after all their boasted Skill in Arts,
In many Things confess their Ignorance.

Some vainly pry into those secret Points,
Their shallow Knowledge cannot comprehend,
And fathom the vast Depths of Providence
With the short Line of finite Understanding.
What mortal Beings cannot comprehend,
They should not vainly criticize upon.

Others, in fruitless Studies, spend their Time
On subtle Questions, and Distinctions nice,
Ideas false, and doubtful, and confus'd,
All which from vain Imaginations flow,
And are no more than Fictions of the Brain.

Happy's the Man, whom Truth securely guides
By secret Ways, and powerful Influence.

Happy's the Man, whose studious Mind retains
No false Opinion from deceitful Sense ;
But rather would be humble, just, and good,
Than precious Time, in vain Disputes, abuse.

'Tis now become a fine Accomplishment,
And, by some Men, a greater Honour deem'd,
To cultivate their Parts, and to know much,
Than to refine their Manners, and live well.
But know, O Man ! that human Arts are vain,
They give no solid Comfort to the Mind,
No Joys substantial from them can arise,
Unless they're join'd with Virtue and Religion.

Study Thyself ! with all Exactnes know
If all Affairs within thy Breast are right.
A Conscience pure, serene, and undefil'd,
Will more substantial Happiness procure
Than all the Treasures of the Universe.
Know but thy-self ; thy-self thou'l soon despise,
And all the vain Applauses of the World.
Thy Works (not Arts) will be severely scann'd,
When the just Judge his great Assizes holds.



The TUTOR's Advice to his PUPIL, at his
First Entrance into the UNIVERSITY.

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

YOUR enter'd now within the College-Gate,
Where you may make your Happiness
compleat:

If you will studiously employ your Time,
You'll comprehend Things Human and Divine:
Here the immortal Poets take their Seat,
And for the Muses Inspiration wait:
Here the glad Muses sing, and form the Choir,
While bright APOLLO strikes the Golden Lyre.

In Honour's Paths our Students daily tread,
And by Religious Principles are led :
Those that delight in Virtue's Sacred Rules,
Refine their Manners, and adorn their Souls :
Here you may open Nature's secret Springs,
Find out the hidden Mystery of Things ;
How this stupendous univerſal Frame,
By th' Almighty's Power, from Nothing came ;
How the bright, glorious Bodies of the Sun,
The Moon, and Stars, their stated Circuits run ;

How stormy Winds, and Vapours, do arise
 From East, to West ; how nimble Lightning {
 flies,
 And Thunder rolls, thro'out the vaulted Skies ;
 From when proceed Hail, Rain, and fleecy Snow ;
 What Art japans the Horizontal Bow ;
 What makes the fluid Ocean rise and fall ;
 What dire Convulsions seize the trembling Ball.

Here you (with Care) may cultivate your Parts,
 And learn the noble Sciences and Arts ;
 Be duly qualify'd to serve the State,
 To grace the Bar, or at the Altar wait.

Upon the TRANSLATION of the Right Reverend
 Dr. POTTER to the SEE of Canterbury.

WHEN Reverend WAKE in Peace re-
 sign'd his Breath,
 And fell a Victim to impartial Death ;
 POTTER, the Great, whose venerable Name
 Stands consecrated to immortal Fame,
 Was, by our Faith's Defender, thought to be
 The worthy't Bishop for the vacant See.

Now Revd. POTTER Lambeth's Seat doth grace,
 As his just Right, when Merit claims the Place ;
 Justice

Justice and Honour, Learning, Truth divine,
 In POTTER's sacred Breast serenely shine ;
 LAUD's Piety, and SANCROFT's Zeal appear,
 And JUXON's Loyalty, divinely fair.

Sure, Revd. POTTER was, by Heaven, design'd
 To give divine Instructions to Mankind.
 As he, by Providence divine, was sent
 To guard the Church, and be her Ornament ;
 Kind Heav'n, permit, that he may live to see
 Our Sacred Temples in Prosperity,
 Piety flourish, Heresy abate,
 And Rites divine regain their ancient State.
 When his immortal Spirit mounts on high,
 And leaves behind its dull Mortality ;
 May he an endless Crown of Glory wear
 In those bless'd Realms, where Saints and Angels
 are !





The xixth PSALM paraphras'd.

Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei.

I.

THE splendid Lamps, plac'd in the Orbs
above,
Shew th' Almighty's Wisdom, Power, and Love :
His wondrous Works our Admiration raise,
And teach to sing the great Creator's Praise.

II.

From their bright, pregnant, inexhausted Womb,
The beauteous Race of Days and Seasons come :
Around the Globe they variously dispense
New Life to all, and quick'ning Influence.

III.

The glorious Body of th' enlighten'd Sun
Does constantly his stated Circuits run :
Finely array'd, in Triumph he appears,
And justly keeps the Limits of the Spheres.

IV.

Like some young beauteous Bridegroom gaily
drest,
He daily riseth from the fragrant East :
Not all the sparkling Gems in Mines below
Can match his lucid Beams, nor near the Lustre
shew.

V.

God's Laws are pure and excellent, we find,
If duly kept, and ponder'd in the Mind ;
Give greater Wisdom and Felicity,
Than all the Rules of Man's Philosophy.

VI.

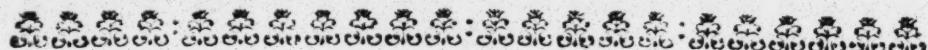
Sweeter than Honey, and the Honey-comb ;
Or fragrant Spices, which from *India* come :
Far greater Riches from them do ensue,
Than from the Golden Mines in *Ophir* or *Peru*.

VII.

Restrain me, Lord, from all presumptuous
Thoughts,
And keep me (by thy Grace) from secret Faults ;
Let all my Thoughts, my Words, and Actions be
Pure and acceptable, O Lord ! to thee.

Thou'rt my Defence, in whom I Refuge take,
Preserve me, Lord ! for my Redeemer's Sake.

The



*The Ancient Gentry, and Moderns
compared.*

IN former Times, e're pompous Pride was known,
Before they'd seen the Fopperies of the Town,
Our Gentry lov'd to grace their Country Seats,
And most was spent in hospitable Treats ;
Widows, and Orphans, daily were redress'd,
And Care was taken to relieve th' Oppress'd ;
To Indigents they shew'd a great Regard ;
And injur'd Virtue met with a Reward.

Now Hospitality is at a Stand,
And Pride and Grandeur take the upper Hand ;
Our Mansion-Seats stand void, (the more's the Pity)

No Place will serve my Lady, but the City ;
The Country Air's too foggy, or too thin,
It breeds Consumptions, Phthisicks, or the Spleen ;
Our sylvan Bowers, Grotto's, Woods, and Lawns,
Are fit for splenetick and rustick Clowns.

I like the gay Diversions of the Town,
Delights and Pleasures (there) are only known :
Each Day and Night, we Ladies have a Call
To grace th' Opera, Masquerade, or Ball ;

What's

What's wanting there, is spent amongst the
Players,

That not one Hour is set apart for Prayers.

Then, to appear in Splendor at the Ring,
My Dressing-Maid the gay Attire must bring;

“ Ambrosial Essence she bestows in Show’rs,
“ And lavishly whole Streams of Nectar pours ;
“ Brocaded Flow’rs o’er the gay Mantua shine,
“ And the rich Stays my taper Waist confine :”

Thus dress’d in State, with a majestick Pride,
I out-shine all that in the Circle ride.

And, if his Lordship’s Company I want,
I spend the Ev’ning with a spruce Gallant :
Here Love’s imperial Pomp is spread around ;
Voluptuous Liberty ! that knows no Bound.

To the Groom-Porters oft’ we take a Flight,
To win or lose *Five Hundred Pounds* a-Night :
Altho’ we lose, yet still we love to play,
Until my Lord’s Estate be play’d away.





The good House-Wife.

THE greatest Comfort of a Marriage-Life
 Is to enjoy a good and virtuous Wife,
 Who, with great Conduct, and a skilful Hand,
 Does manage all Things under her Command ;
 Her House Affairs are, in Proportion, laid
 Before the Laundress, Cook, and Dairy-Maid ;
 She, with a diligent and watchful Eye,
 In all their Offices doth closely pry,
 That each performs with Care and Decency.
 If Storms among her Servants chance to rise,
 She lays them with her feas'nable Advice.
 Great is the Blessing of a prudent Wife,
 Who puts a Period to domestick Strife.
 Her Spouse, who manageth the rural Toil,
 When he returns, is welcom'd with a Smile ;
 And, when receiv'd with such Seraphick Joy,
 He soon forgets the Labours of the Day.
 With Speed she gets a Supper cleanly drest,
 And, with great Comfort, both retire to Rest ;
 To please each other is their chief Delight,
 In mutual Love they readily unite.
 Prudent Advice is to her Children giv'n,
 Always to do what's pleasing unto Heav'n ;

Honour

Honour their Parents, their Commands obey,
 And, with due Reverence, their Duty pay.
 For her Neighbour's Good, as oft' as she's desir'd,
 She lends a helping Hand always when Help's
 requir'd.

As Heav'n has blefs'd her with a plenteous Store,
 She's always ready to relieve the Poor ;
 Courteous to all, from Pride and Envy free ;
 Chearful, but with becoming Modesty :
 In her Composure all Perfections meet,
 All that is lovely, beautiful, and sweet.

“ Sure Heav'n preserv'd her at the Fall uncurs'd,
 “ To shew how good the Sex were made at first.”



The Way of the World.

IF, by Dame Fortune, we are rais'd
 To Honour and Estate ;
 By Flatterers we're highly prais'd,
 And fam'd for being great.

The virtuous Man, if he is poor,
 No Reputation gains ;
 The ambitious Man, with Fortune's Store,
 In Triumph proudly reigns.

Ambition, Avarice, and Pride,

These modish Vices three,

To Sensualists are firm ally'd,

And worship'd as their Deity.

Riches and Honour none but Fools adore,

The Wife have nobler Happiness in Store.

Knowledge is a curious Ornament to the Mind.

HE that intends to cultivate his Parts,
Must prudently employ his Time :
He that delights in Sciences and Arts,
His Thoughts are noble and divine.

What Blessings would accrue, if all our Youth
Were early season'd with the Taste of Truth !
Our youthful Years, in useful Studies spent,
Will crown our Age with Pleasure and Content.

Upon making a small Present to a Lady.

TH E Widow's Mite (tho' small) Acceptance found ;

She gave it freely, as in Duty bound.

I make this Present with a willing Mind ;

Let mine (like her's) a kind Reception find.

The



The WEDDING-DAY.

PHOEBUS appear'd in Splendor to adorn,
 With Golden Rays, the joyful nuptial Morn,
 On which the lovely Maid, in sacred Bands,
 To the bright Youth was join'd with holy Hands ;
Belinda the fair, whose Beauties seem'd divine,
 And ev'ry Grace did to Advantage shine :
Venus, in State, came down ; but blush'd to see
 The beauteous Maid more beautiful than she.
 O happy Youth ! thou'rt exquisitely blest ;
 Of every Charm and Virtue she's possest.
 Not *India's* Wealth can give so much Delight,
 As Hearts and Hands that joyfully unite.

And when the sacred nuptial Knot was ty'd,
 And Bridegroom complimented with the Bride,
 Tables were deck'd with such a sumptuous Feast,
 That *Jove* himself would wish to be a Guest.
 With Joy the grand Assembly fill'd the Place,
 And bravely did the Ceremony grace ;
 Their Healths in best of Wines, with Mirth, went
 round,
 " And Heads were with the noblest Chaplets
 crown'd."

Tapers most bright illuminate the Hall,
 Melodious Musick did to Dancing call :
 " All in such Order rang'd, 'twas hard to gues,
 " Whether more pleas'd, their Motions, Looks,
 " or Drefs."

The Day was spent, the blissful Night came on,
 Th' impatient Bridegroom wish'd that all were
 gone.

The beauteous Bride, undress'd, in Bed was laid,
 And the last Time that she lay down, a Maid :
 Th' enamour'd Bridegroom fled, in Haste, away
 To Joys of Night, which far excell'd the Day.

The Epithalamium.

HOW beautiful is Love with Virtue join'd,
 When, with the Body, we possess the
 Mind ;
 When we receive the chaste and blushing Bride,
 In whom (as in ourselves) we then confide :
 Successive Charms attend the mutual Pair,
 Crown all our Wishes, and dissolve our Care.

May Love, mysterious Love ! thus on us wait,
 And Days, succeeding Days, new Joys create !

May ardent Sweets, with equal Ardour, join
 The whole Epitome of what's divine,
 Dwell in my Soul, and in my Fair combine!



Thus may we reap these Blessings from above,
 And Bliss alternate to each other prove,
 In pure, eternal, circling Rounds of Love!



The Inconstancy of FORTUNE.

Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filo.

FORTUNE in various Shapes appears,
 As learned Poets write ;
 She often smiles as she draws near,
 Then frowns, and takes her Flight.

The fickle Dame our Breasts inspires,
 And sooths us with Success ;
 The Charmer, we so much admire,
 Oft' leaves us in Distrefs.

To Honour's Pinacle we climb,
 Preferment's all our Aim ;
 We're, by the Dame's enchanted Line,
 Pull'd headlong down again.

By

By the capricious Jilt we're tost
 Like Foot-Balls at a Play ;
 Our Expectations oft' are crost,
 And all our Hopes decay.

From Fortune's Frowns (we daily see)
 No Sex Exemption have :
 The Great, the Small, are not born free ;
 Nor Wealth, nor Pow'r, can save.

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Te Deum Laudamus,

PARAPHRAS'D.

I.

ALL ye Beings of the Earth !
 Praife ye the great Creator's Name !
 Who gave to all his Creatures Birth ;
 His great and glorious Acts proclaim !

II.

Throughout the blessed Realms above,
 The Angels, in exulting Lays,
 Applaud his Goodness, and his Love,
 And his great Name devoutly praise.

III.

Glory and Praise to God on high,
 Cherubs and Seraphs daily sing ;
 And, with loud Acclamations, cry,
 Thou'rt Holy, Holy, Lord and King !

IV.

Th' Earth below, and Heavens above,
 Thy Pow'r and Majesty display :
 Thy Goodness and paternal Love
 Extend to Sinners ev'ry Day.

V.

With Joy the bleſſ'd Apostles sing
 (Thro' endleſs Nights, and endleſs Days)
 To thee, their Saviour and their King,
 In pious Hymns and grateful Lays.

VI.

The Prophets do thy Honour raise,
 And magnify thee Day by Day,
 In Songs of everlasting Praife ;
 And Homage to thee duly pay.

VII.

Pious Martyrs and Confessors,
 Who suffer'd, for thy Holy Name,
 By barb'rous and vile Oppressors,
 Thy noble Acts do loud proclaim.

VIII.

O Holy Father Infinite !
 Thy Name is spread the Globe around ;
 The glorious Church, with great Delight,
 In grateful Hymns thy Praise resound.

IX.

Blessed Jesus, Eternal Son !
 Begot before the World began,
 With the Paraclete, and Father one,
 For our Redemption was made Man.

X.

And condescended to be born
 Of a pure Virgin innocent ;
 And suffer'd, with Contempt and Scorn,
 To rescue Man from Punishment.

With

XI.

When thou had'st felt the Pangs of Death,
 And cruel Tortures undergone,
 With Meekness thou resign'dst thy Breath,
 And the great Tyrant overcome.

XII.

Thou open'dst (then) the Gates of Bliss
 To all that would on thee believe ;
 And, into Joys of Paradise,
 Thy faithful Servants thou'l receive.

XIII.

At the Right-Hand of Majesty
 Enthron'd, thou sitt'st divinely bright,
 And reign'st above, triumphantly,
 In Realms of everlasting Light.

XIV.

In glorious Majesty thou'l rise,
 And to thy splendid Throne repair,
 To keep the great, severe Affize,
 At thy Tribunal in the Air.

XV.

Preserve, O Lord ! in that great Day,
Those that for boundless Mercy su'd ;
Thy Servants keep (we humbly pray)
Whom thou'st redeem'd with precious Blood.

XVI.

Embrace them, with thy Saints above,
In Mansions of eternal Rest ;
Make them Partakers of thy Love,
And let them be for ever blest.

XVII.

Protect thy holy Church, O Lord !
And evermore thy Flock defend ;
Thy Favour, Lord ! to them afford,
And thy Divine Assistance send.

XVIII.

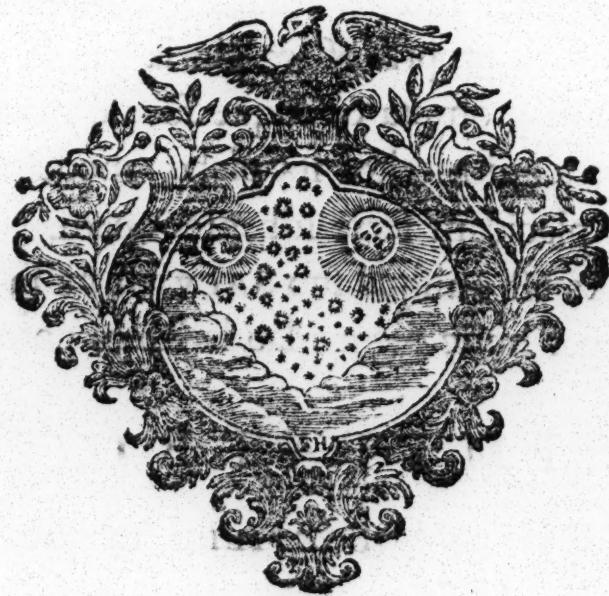
Thy holy Name we do adore ;
All Praise and Honour's due to thee ;
Thy Royal Favours we implore,
And worship thee eternally.

XIX.

Let's, ev'ry Morning, pray that we,
 From sinful Thoughts and Actions, may,
 By God's Assistance, be kept free,
 And, most devoutly, spend the Day.

XX.

Thou, Lord, art holy, good, and just!
 We humbly for thy Mercy call :
 In thee, O Lord, we've put our Trust ;
 Let not thy Anger on us fall.





The Latin Verses were spoke by a young Gentleman in Westminster School.

Contigit obscuram SACVILLUM intrare tabernam,
 Forte ubi volvebat classica scripta puer :
 Sordidus aspectu, at mirum cui mentis acumen,
 Ardens cui studium, venaque dives erat.
 Non tulit egregias comes has languescere dotes ;
 At sumptu excoluit sustinuitque suo.
 Nec pia munificum spes est frustrata patronum ;
 Namque puer fuerit sordidus iste PRIOR.
 Scilicet illustris propria est ea gloria gentis,
 Ingenuum prompta quodque fovere manu ;
 Tollere de tenui meritos ita plebe, modestæ
 Virtuti placidam ferre lubenter opem.
 MECENAS est quisque suo SACVILLUS in ævo ;
 Nemo per hunc dignus laude latere potest.

I M I T A T E D.

WHEN noble SACVILLE to the Tavern
 came,
 To take a Flask (or two) of rich *Champagne* ;
 The Tavern-Boy was reading, with Regard,
 The noble Flights of the *Ausonian Bard* ;

Meagre

Meagre his Looks, but of a sprightly Mien,
 A piercing Judgment, and a Mind serene ;
 Endow'd with rich Variety of Parts,
 And Pleasure took in Sciences and Arts.
 The noble Lord, transported with Delight,
 To find a Genius in the Boy so bright ;
 Th' aspiring Youth was to *Parnassus* sent,
 Under the sacred Muses Government ;
 And tutor'd, at the noble Peer's Expence,
 In that capacious Field of Eloquence :
 Success attended on the Muses Son ;
 " And bright APOLLO claim'd him for his own."
 'Twas bravely done, the hopeful Youth to raise
 From a mean State, to wear APOLLO's Bays.
 SACVILLE, thy worthy Acts will gain Renown,
 And thy great Name with lasting Honour
 crown !
 Brave SACVILLE sprung from the MECÆNIAN
 Line ;
 MECÆNIAN Virtues in a SACVILLE shine.



A A A A A : A A A A A : A A A A

Worldly Grandeur *not comparable to a Virtuous Life.*

HO W vain are they who place their Happiness

In the fading Glories of the Universe !

Not all the dazzling Charms of Riches can,
To real Bliss, convey the worldly Man.

Vain Pomp and Grandeur oft' inflame the Mind,

And make us be to vicious Acts inclin'd ;
In them we no substantial Comfort find.

Stately Palaces, and rich Furniture,
From the Spectators great Applause procure ;
But anxious Cares the Owners oft' endure.

Th' ambitious Man's with daily Cares op-
pref's'd,

He harbours various Troubles in his Breast,
And Thirst of Honour still disturbs his Rest.

'Tis, to the Sensualist, his chief Delight
To gratify his lustful Appetite :

Perpetual Slave to his unlawful Pleasure !

He wastes his Health, and vainly spends his Treasure,

Felicity is no where known (we find)
 But in th' Enjoyment of a peaceful Mind.
 Happy's the Man, who walks in Wisdom's Ways,
 And dedicates to Virtue all his Days :
 He's like a fertile Tree, that spreading grows
 Near to a pleasant Stream, that gently flows ;
 Whose fragrant Blossoms in Perfection shine,
 And yield delicious Fruit at th' appointed Time ;
 Whose beauteous Leaf no fatal Storm shall blast,
 But, on his tow'ring Head, its verdant Hue shall
 last :

He sweetly reaps the Blessings of the Land ;
 And all shall prosper that he takes in Hand :
 He pays his Tribute gratefully to Heav'n
 For all the Favours Providence has giv'n :
 He fits contentedly in ev'ry State,
 And chuseth to be good, not to be vainly great.





In PRAISE of the
Right-Reverend Dr. BENSON,
 Lord-Bishop of *Gloucester* ;

Who hath finely adorn'd Gloucester COLLEGE.

SING, Heav'nly Muse, the worthy Prelate's
 Praise,
 And Trophies to his matchless Honour raise ;
 Applaud his virtuous Acts, display his Fame,
 Give due Encomiums to his worthy Name.

The Church's Rites he zealously maintains,
 And Apostolick Principles retains ;
 Strictly devout, to virtuous Acts inclin'd,
 Bless'd with an humble, charitable Mind :
 His noble, generous Actions bright appear ;
 No Cost was wanting, Industry, nor Care,
 To Beautify the Sacred House of Pray'r.

Seven Years were spent, by Wisdom's Heir, to
 raise
 A glorious Church to his Creator's Praise ;
 Beauteous Forms appear'd in ev'ry Part,
 Pourtray'd with all th' Embellishments of Art ;
 'Twas

'Twas rais'd (with curious Skill, and vast Expence)
A Dome, for God's mysterious Residence.

After the Labour of a hundred Years,
With Joy, Great NOAH's saving Ark appears.
DAVID could not his warm Affections hold,
But sung, and danc'd, before the Ark of old ;
And on his tuneful Harp he sweetly play'd,
When that, thro' SION's Gates, its Entrance
made :
God's holy Spirit on his Heart abode,
And Pray'rs and Blessings with his Musick flow'd.

Under the Law, with Rev'rence they ador'd,
In Sacred Temples, th' Almighty Lord.
Under the blessed Gospel ought not we,
With contrite Hearts, adore the Deity,
Approach his Courts, and at his Altars bow,
Where Mercy reigns, and boundless Comforts
flow :
Unspotted Hands let's to those Altars raise,
Where God, at our Request, his wondrous Love
displays.

When Wisdom's King a glorious Church had
rais'd,
Where GOD's great Name was daily to be prais'd ;
The Power Supreme was highly pleas'd to see
The Sacred Dome, appointed for to be
A Place to worship most religiously.

Our Christian Bishop, zealously inclin'd
 To serve his Maker with a pious Mind,
 Adorn'd the Sacred Church, where the most High
 And Mighty Lord appears with Majesty.
 His faithful Priests the Robes of Gladness wear,
 When in the Sacred Temple they appear,
 And in their Saviour's Name his Will declare.

Great Honour's due to those whom C H R I S T
 hath sent,
 Commission'd for the Church's Government,
 And preach Salvation to the Penitent.

Those faithful Stewards, who their Lord obey,
 Will be rewarded, at the Judgment-Day,
 With glorious Crowns that never fade away ;
 And be, with Saints and Angels, ever blest,
 In the bright Mansions of eternal Rest.



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Upon the DEATH of the celebrated POET,
Alexander Pope, Esquire.

*Eheu! fugaces, posthume, posthume,
Labuntur anni!* ————— HOR.

A Round POPE's Urn the Muses all appear ;
With Cypress wreath'd, each drops a
mournful Tear ;
The lovely Graces pensively attend,
In fable Robes, on their departed Friend :
All mourn the Loss of POPE ; but none could
fave
The celebrated Poet from the Grave.
Sceptres and Crowns must unregarded lie,
When DEATH disrobes them of Mortality.

Farewel! Great Bard, who from *Parnassus*
sprung,
Whose tuneful Numbers, and delightful Song,
Flow'd always smoothly from thy skilful
Tongue.
Thy noble Themes, to thy great Name, will raise
Ne'er-fading Glory, never-dying Praise.

Nature enrich'd thee with her purest Ore ;
She gave it freely from her plenteous Store ;

Adorn'd thee with fine Parts, and matchless
Sense,
And a rich Mine of vast Intelligence,
And tipp'd thy Tongue with flowing Eloquence.

As thou wast here by bounteous Heav'n refin'd,
More than the *major* Part of human Kind ;
We make no doubt, but that th' immortal Gods
Have safely took thee to their blest Abodes :
Where thou'l, in pure, divine, harmonious Lays,
With Seraphs sing the Great Creator's Praise ;
And reign, with Cherubims divinely bright,
In the blest Realms of everlasting Light.

Upon the Glorious Works of the CREATION.

WHEN we behold this beauteous, lovely
Frame,
And the gay Robes which do adorn the same,
We ought to praise the Great Creator's Name.
Heaven's high Arch (where Globes with Lustre
shine)
Displays the various Marks of Skill divine :
That glorious Lamp, the *Sun*, the Spring of Day,
(To whom the *Heathens* Adoration pay)

Parent

Parent of Nature, Source of vital Heat,
Whose clearing Rays do all Things animate.

The *Moon* and *Stars*, which gild the sable
Night,
Appear delightful, beautiful, and bright ;
And, like the glorious Planet of the Day,
Around the Globe their lucid Beams display.

Next we descend to this Terraqueous Ball,
Where most delightful Scenes are seen by all :
The lofty Hills are crown'd with stately Bow'rs,
And Vales are sprinkled with most fragrant
Flow'rs ;
Enamell'd Meads with beauteous Aspects smile,
And the rich Fields reward the Tiller's Toil.

The shady Groves contain the Feather'd Throng,
And each chants forth his most melodious Song.

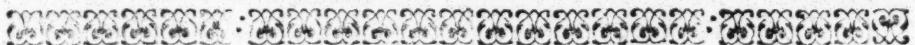
Our Grotto's, Woods, and Lawns, do us sup-
ply
With Quadrupedes of rich Variety.

Rivers, and Seas, afford a numerous Race,
Which daily sport within the liquid Space ;
Whose silver Scales, with Fins of *Tyrian* Dye,
Adorn the Seas, as Stars adorn the Sky.
Thy wondrous Works, O Lord ! with Glory shine,
Preserv'd in Order by thy Pow'r divine.

And

And when the Pow'r Supreme his Works survey'd,

And saw that all was in Perfection made ;
 In the last Stroke the noblest Work began,
 " And *Earth* was metamorphos'd into *Man* ;"
 His Structure beauteous, noble, and sublime,
 His Form majestick, lovely, and divine ;
 By GOD appointed to Dominion
 O'er all the Works of the Creation ;
 And was, by bounteous Heav'n, ordain'd to be
 Made in the Image of the Deity.



*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
 Agricolas !* —————

SING, lofty Muse, (but in a rural Strain)
 The happy State of that industrious Swain,
 Who's free from noisy Courts, and from the Bar,
 Where Law-Expounders, in a feigned War,
 Oppose each other with dissembl'd Rage ;
 But Dame PECUNIA tempts them to engage :
 'Tis not ASTRÆA ; she is fled away
 To Heav'n, or with the Country Swain to stay.

A Country-House ; a Garden neatly dress'd ;
 A fruitful Farm, with Corn and Cattle grac'd ;
 Convenient Feeding for a Flock of Sheep,
 A careful Shepherd them to tend and keep ;

A chearful Wife, who, with industrious Care,
 Doth, for the Household, wholesome Food prepare :
 These choice Delights, which Courts and Cities
 want,
 Indulgent Heav'n to Country Climes doth grant.

In sweet Retirement here my Days I spend,
 And dear Content my Station doth attend.
 When gentle Streams in Isis Channel glide,
 I walk with Pleasure by that Current's Side ;
 There I have Leisure oft' to contemplate
 The various Changes of inconstant Fate :
 And when refreshed with salubrious Air,
 And chear'd with Relaxation from my Care,
 My Studies (then) with Pleasure I pursue ;
 And, when I sleep, bid all my Cares adieu.



The Excellency of the Christian RELIGION.

ALL must acknowledge, (all that are sincere)
 That Christian Precepts the divinest are :
 Let all the Curious search the World around,
 No clearer Systems can therein be found :
 They far exceed the Philosophick Rules,
 Deliver'd by the Sophists of the Schools.

No learned Schemes speak more in Truth's Defence,

(Tho' tipp'd with all the flowing Eloquence)

Than those pure Doctrines, by our Saviour taught,
And the glad Tidings which the Gospel brought :

There all the Faithful, in Perfection, can

Discern their Duty both to God and Man :

There Sacred Truths, in every Sentence, shine,
And all its Laws are holy and divine :

Strictly observ'd, they rectify the Mind,

And curb th' unruly Passions of Mankind ;

With vicious Habits keep perpetual Strife,
Correct the Manners, and reform the Life.

Freely the Great, the Small, the Rich, the Poor,
May, from this living Fountain, draw their Store.

Those Precepts by our blessed Lord were giv'n,
To fit us for th' approaching Joys of Heav'n.

In this found Faith (by God's assisting Grace)
I'll always live, and end my Christian Race.

In Praise of VIRTUE.

[*In BLANK VERSE.*]

VIRTUE, how justly we extol thy Name !
How bright and amiable do'st thou appear !
Thou mak'st thy Votaries to be belov'd,
And reverenc'd by all that's good and great.

Empires and Kingdoms stand in need of Thee :
 Without Thy Aid, they're in a tott'ring State.
 Those Commonwealths do flourish most,
 Where Virtue and Integrity reside.
 Virtuous Magistrates do govern well,
 Distribute Justice with impartial Hands :
 No private Interest do they prefer
 Before the Peace and Safety of the State.

The virtuous Man acts, with Fidelity,
 For his Prince's Safety, and his Country's Good :
 He always does his Duty chearfully ;
 Thinks nothing great but what is truly so.
 'Tis Virtue makes his Mind invincible,
 And places him above Dame *Fortune*'s Reach.
 No Infelicity can him dismay ;
 Nor can Misfortunes make him quit his Ground.
 It makes him truly great and noble here,
 And that, without the Help of Heraldry.
 It gives him Peace and Comfort in this Life ;
 And fits him for eternal Joys hereafter.





Mr. *Woolston's* EPITAPH,
 AUTHOR of the DISCOURSES against the
 MIRACLES of our SAVIOUR.

A Postate WOOLSTON lies within this Place,
 Who was ador'd by th' Atheistick Race :
 A second JUDAS, whose notorious Crime
 Will be recorded to the End of Time.

Judas and *Woolston*, by Command, were sent
 To preach Remission (wheresoe'er they went)
 Of Sins to all that truly did repent.
 Tho' they were lawfully ordain'd to be
 Promulgers of our Lord's Divinity ;
 Both prov'd Apostates in the high'ſt Degree.
Judas, for Gain, his Sov'reign Lord betray'd ;
Woolston, puff'd up with Vanity and Pride,
 His Sov'reign Lord's Divinity deny'd.
Woolston pernicious Tenets held, 'tis known,
 And made himself a Scandal to the Gown.
 From hence he's gone, loaded with Guilt and
 Shame ;
 And, as his Body perish, let his Name.
 As for his Soul I dare no more to say,
 But leav't with God until the Judgment-Day.

Upon



*Upon the glorious Success of his MAJESTY's
Arms in Scotland, under the Command
of his Royal Highness the DUKE of
CUMBERLAND.*

Arma virumque cano.-----

BRITANNIA's Sons have Reason to rejoice,
And sing *Te Deum* with a chearful Voice :
The *Hellish* Schemes, by *France* and *Rome* con-
triv'd,

To ruin Church and State, are now destroy'd.
Kind Heav'n was pleas'd, in due Time, to pre-
vent

The Plots design'd against the Government.
The daring Rebels furiously came on,
And *Mohocks*-like they ransack'd ev'ry Town :
Nothing could their ravenous Hands escape ;
They're not like Men, but Brutes in human
Shape.

Our noble DUKE took under his Command
The *British* Troops, to drive them from the
Land :

His Enterprizes Heav'n was pleas'd to bless,
And crown'd the Royal Hero with Success.

Our valiant Gen'ral, with a studious Care,
 Array'd the Troops, who for the War prepare.
 The embattl'd Troops, dispos'd in Order, stand,
 Long to engage, but wait the Duke's Command :
 With Joy they view'd the splendid Banners fly, }
 And heard the Trumpets sound melodiousfly ; }
 Which made brave *Britons* Gallick Arms defy : }
 The Rebels trembl'd at the loud Alarms,
 When *MARS*, in Thunder, call'd the Host to
 Arms :
 Our noble Duke, with *CÆSAR*'s Courage, led
 The *British* Troops, at whose Approach they
 fled :
 Courage, and Conduct, he has bravely shown,
 Which will to future Ages be made known :
 His Conduct made him merciful as brave ; }
 He fought to conquer, conquer'd but to save, }
 And free that State which Rebels would enslave. }
 His noble Actions will adorn his Name,
 And eternize it in the Court of Fame.

The Muses Sons will to his Honour raise }
 An everlasting Monument of Praife, }
 And sing his Triumphs in immortal Lays. }
 His Glory will in future Ages shine,
 And be recorded to the End of Time :
 He'll brighter shine in the fair Court of Fame,
 Than *ALEXANDER*'s, or Great *CÆSAR*'s, Name.

May the *French* Hector ne'er attempt it more,
 To land his Forces on the *British* Shore!
 May *Britain's* Bulwarks spread their Canvass'
 Wings,
 And Terror strike in proud menacing Kings !

May Royal *G E O R G E* in Peace and Safe-
 ty reign !
 And, o'er his Foes, a glorious Conquest gain ! }
 And, all the Blessings he desires, obtain ! }
 That *Britain*, thro' his happy Reign, may be
 Crown'd with Content, from all Misfortunes
 free !

May He, (Great Prince!) with those that he's
 ally'd,
 Curb *Gallick* Fury, and *Hispania's* Pride !
 And cause *BELLONA*'s dreadful Arts to cease !
 And crown *EUROPA* with a lasting Peace !





THE APPENDIX.

Of M A N ' s E S T A T E in his F I R S T C R E A T I O N .

GOD said, *Let us make Man in our own Image.*

Ingens Miraculum Homo ;—*Man is the greatest Wonder*, faith PLATO :

Naturæ ardentissimæ Artificium ;—*the artificial Work of the most ardent or Fire-like Nature*, faith ZORASTER :

Not for any Excellency external, but in respect of his internal Form, both in the Nature, Qualities, and other Attributes thereof: In Nature, because it hath an Essence immortal and spiritual: In Qualities, because the same was, by God, created holy, and righteous in Truth: In other Attributes, because Man was made Lord of the World, and of the Creatures therein. Of this Image and Similitude of God, there is much Dispute

pute among the Fathers and School-Men : Some of the Fathers conceive, that Man was made after the Image of God, in respect of Empire and Dominion : The School-Men resemble the Mind, or Soul, of Man to God in this Respect, because, that as, in the Mind, there are three distinct Powers, or Faculties, (*viz.*) Memory, Understanding, and Will, and yet all these, being of real Differences, are but one Mind ; so, in God, there are three distinct Persons, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and yet but one God. But howsoever the School-Men, and others, distinguish, St. PAUL speaks plain, *As we have born the Image of the Earthly, so shall we bear the Image of the Heavenly* ; that is, as St. PAUL speaketh in another Place, *If we put on the New Man, which is renew'd in Knowledge after the Image of him that created him.* IRENÆUS did, therefore, call Man the Image of God, not because he was *Animal rationale*, for he understood better ; but said, *Imago mea est homo, rectam rationem habens.* Man, that is endued with right Reason, is said to resemble God, *that is*, by right Reason, to know and confess God his Creator, and the same God to serve, love, and obey.

Fecit Deus hominem ad imaginem et similitudinem suam in mente. God made Man, in respect of the Intellect, after his own Image and Similitude : But *Mens* is not (as St. AUSTIN faith) taken here for *Anima Physica*, according to ARISTOTLE, which is *forma vel natura hominis*, the Form or Nature of Man. But this Faculty, or

Gift

Gift of God, called *Mens*, is taken for *prima vis animi*, the principal Strength of the Mind, or Soul, *cujus actus est perpetua veritatis contemplatio*, whose Act, Exercise, or Office, is the perpetual Contemplation of Truth; and, therefore, it is also call'd *intellectus divinus*, *intellectus contemplativus*, & *anima contemplativa*, a divine Understanding, and an Intellect or Mind contemplative. And this *Mens* is call'd, by others, *Animam Animæ*, the Soul of the Soul; or, with St. AUGUSTINE, the Eye of the Soul, or Receptacle of divine Knowledge. PHILO makes this Difference between *Animus* and *Anima*; *Animus* is that Faculty, by which we judge and discourse, will, and make Election; *Anima*, by which we live; *anima corpus animat*, id est, *vivificat*; *Anima*, or the Soul, is that which doth animate, or give Life to, the Body: And the same Strength, (says PHILO) which GOD, the Great Director, hath in the World, the same hath this *Anima*, or Mind, or Soul, in Man. St. BASIL calleth this Mind, or divine Understanding, *perspicacem animæ partem*, the perceiving Part of the Mind, or the Light by which the Soul discerneth. St. AUGUSTINE and St. AMBROSE both agree, that we retain this Image and Similitude of GOD, so long as we fear, love, honour, and obey him truly; but it is wholly blotted out and destroyed by Sin.

Sir WALTER RAWLEIGH.

It is necessary to make a handsome Provision for ourselves and Families, whilst we are in this World

World, provided that worldly Goods are well gotten, and that we raise not ourselves out of other Men's Ruins. For, as PLATO doth, 1st, prefer the Perfection of Bodily Health, 2^{dly}, the Form and Beauty, and, 3^{dly}, *Divitias nulla fraude quæsitas*, Riches gotten without Fraud ; the Prophet ISAIAH tells us, *Woe unto them that erect their Houses by Unrighteousness, and their Chambers without Equity.*

The most Part of Mankind do covet the mortal Things of this World, as if their Souls were therein immortal, and neglect those Things which are immortal, as if ourselves, after the World, were but mortal.

Others have a great Regard for Honour and Preferment, and are highly pleas'd with the rever'd Respect that is held of great Men, and the Honour done unto them by all Sorts of People ; and it is true, indeed, provided that an inward Love for their Justice and Piety accompany the outward Worship given to their Places and Power, without which, what is the Applause of the Multitude, but as an Outcry of an Herd of Animals, who, without the Knowledge of any true Cause, please themselves with the Noise they make ? For, seeing it is a Thing extraordinary rare to distinguish Virtue and Fortune, the most Impious (if prosperous) have ever been applauded, and the most Virtuous (if unprosperous) have ever been despised. Those are to be accounted most happy, who, having had the Grace to value

worldly Vanities at no more than their own Price, do, by retaining the comfortable Memory of a well-acted Life, behold Death without Dread, and the Grave without Fear, and embrace both as necessary Guides to endless Glory.

St. A U S T I N.

We ought not to exercise ourselves in Things that be too high for us ; for we shall sooner betray our own Curiosity, than deliver a Truth, according to this known Maxim, *Maxima pars eorum quæ scimus, est minima pars eorum quæ nescimus*, The greatest Part of those Things we do know, is the least Part of those Things we know not.

This Maxim in Philosophy, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, will not bear, when we speak of Creation : For, altho' it be true, that, according to the Course of Nature, and ordinary Custom of Things, Nothing can be made, unless out of some former Matter ; yet, when we descend *ad inquirendum primarum rerum conditionem*, then we shall find that GOD is above Nature, because he is Lord of Nature ; and he, whose Sufficiency and Efficiency is altogether absolute, must be able *super naturali quadam ratione*, by a certain, supernatural Means, to produce all Things out of Nothing.

In what Part of the BODY is the SOUL seated?

'Tis generally held, that 'tis every where ; 'tis *tota in toto & pars in qualibet parte*, that she is in all the Body, and wholly in every Part. Some assign her Residence in the Brain ; in the mean while, its noblest Operations, *Imagining* and *Thinking*, are undoubtedly transacted in the Brain : For, as GOD is *Anima Mundi*, and every where in the Greater World ; so is, according to its Proportion and Similitude, the Soul in the Lesser, or Body of Man.

It sits, perhaps, in its Throne in the Head ; but its Actions are not confined there, but diffused thro' all different Parts, having an entire Power over them, and acting them according to their Natures. The Soul is an immaterial, incorporeal Being, more excellent than Elemental or Ætherial Bodies, or a Divine Substance infused by the Breath of God ; 'tis the Principal of Reason and Understanding, or that in us which thinks and understands.

R E A S O N.

REASON is a Faculty or Power of the Soul, whereby it distinguisheth Good from Evil, Truth from Falshood ; or that Faculty of the Soul whereby we judge of Things, also the Ex-

ercise of that Faculty ; or, it may be defined that Principle, whereby, comparing several Ideas together, we draw Consequences, also Argument, Proof, Cause, or Matter.

M A T T E R.

MATTER (with Natural Philosophers) is a solid, divisible, and passive Substance, called *Body*, and *First Principle of Natural Things*, which is extended into Length, Breadth, and Thicknes, which is capable of putting on all Manner of Directions and Degrees of Swiftnes, divisible, divided into several Parts. Matter and Motion are Powers created by the Almighty to be what they are, and to operate as they do ; but what either are in themselves, or in the first Cause producing them, we know not, nor cannot know ; only, by Observations and Experience, we find their Effects, and observe what Laws they constantly obey in producing them ; and these are those we call the *Laws of Nature* : And GOD has planted, in Man, a Faculty, by which he has a Power of understanding and finding out by, and according to, what Order, Rule, Method, or Law, they act, and produce the Effects that are produced by them ; and this is that we call *Natural Knowledge*.

Dr. H I C K S.

The Power of the Church ought not to be extended by a Civil Power ; the true, inherent, spi-

spiritual Power of the Church is independent of all earthly Power whatsoever. The safest Way is to keep these Powers, as they are in their own Nature, distinct and independent of each other; as they act in two Spheres, they can never interfere. If either incroach upon the other, there is Confusion without End, or Remedy.

St. POLICARP.

The Philosophy of a wise Man is *honeste vivere, prudenter agere, alterum non lædere, suum cuique tribuere.* This is the truest Wisdom, the Wisdom from above, which teaches us *to remember our latter End*, and to be *wise unto Salvation.* For all, which is not God, is Vanity and Nothing, and ought not to be regarded. How vast a Difference is there between the Wisdom of a mortified, pious Man, enlightened from above, and the pompous Learning of a profound Scholar! That Knowledge, which descends from above, speaks its heavenly Original by marvellous and noble Effects, and works a greater Change in the Man, a greater Improvement in profitable Knowledge, than all that Comprehension which the best Capacities, and the most indefatigable Industry, can ever attain to.

Dr. STILLINGFLEET to LOCKE upon IDEAS.

An IDEA is the Image, or Representation, of a Thing conceived in the Mind, or the Form, or Re-

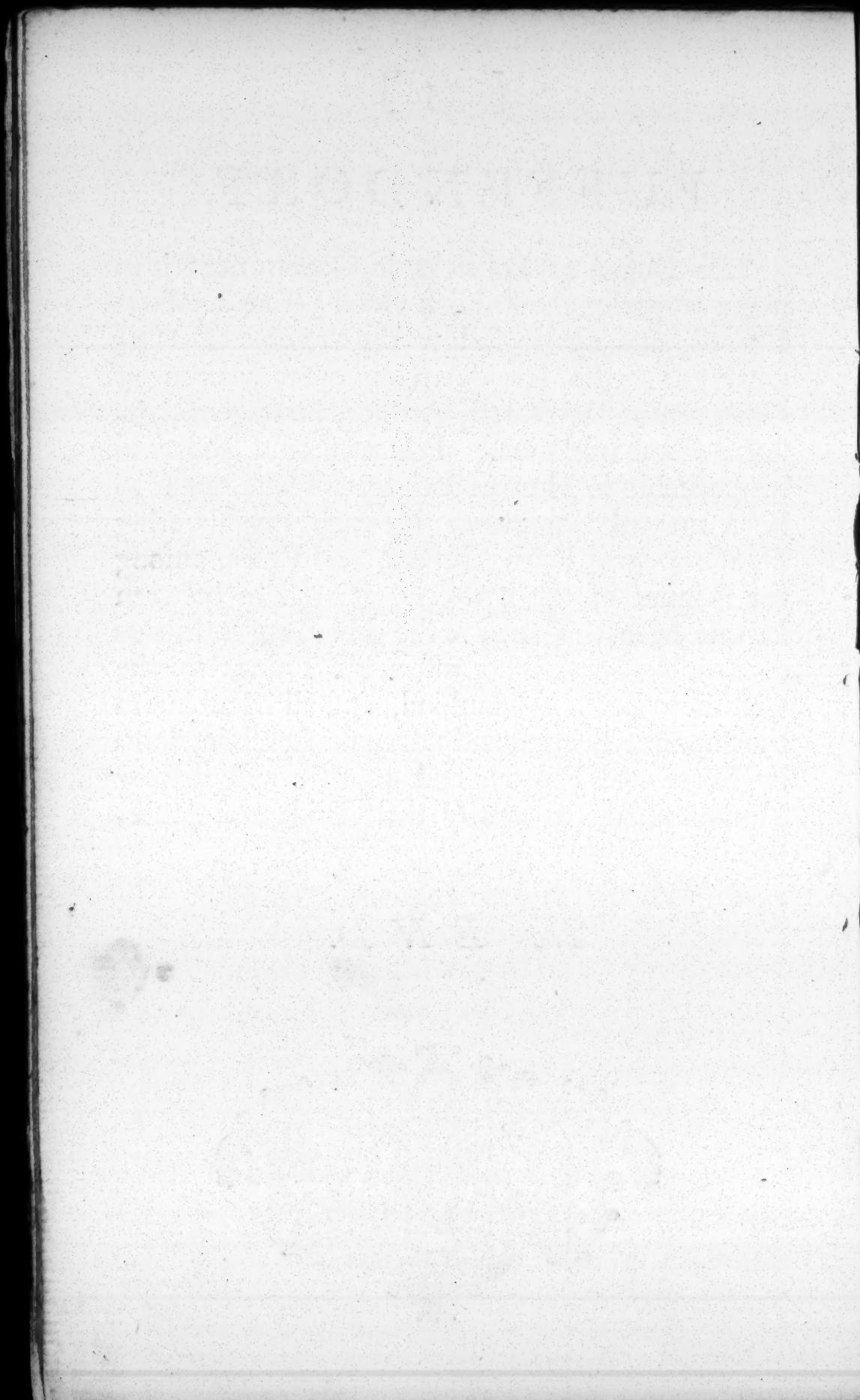
Representation, of any sensible Object, transmitted into the Brain thro' the Organs of Sight ; but, in a more general Sense, it is taken for the immediate Object of Understanding. Simple Ideas are those that come into our Mind by Sensation, as Colours by the Eye, Sounds by the Ear, &c. Complex Ideas are founded by the Power which the Mind hath of comparing, separating, or extracting its simple Ideas, which come into it by Sensation and Reflection. There are distinct Ideas ; one appeals to Thoughts, and the other to Reason. That is the only true Idea, which a Man comes to by the Exercise of his Reason. Others are meer Ideas of Imagination, and not Rational Ideas. We believe, in the general, God's Self-Existence, that it is, and must be, tho' we know not (particularly) how it is, or can be ; so we may be said to believe the Eternity, Ubiquity, and Prescience of God : Therefore, must we not believe it, because we cannot conceive it ? We have only general and confused Ideas of the TRINITY ; must we not believe it because we know not the Manner ? Mysterious Doctrines are no more abstruse and incomprehensible than the Things of Nature, which we believe ; as the Union of the Soul with the Body, and their mutual Actions ; how the Blood circulates ; or the Earth hangs in the Air without Support ; how Metals, or Stones, grow, or the Seeds revive after dying in the Ground. The most contemptible Insects would puzzle the finest Understanding accurately to understand them, not cry out impossible, and incredible, altho' they are Mysteries.

PUFFENDORF.

The Design of Politicks in Government is to make us prefer the Publick Good before a private Interest, and not to follow the Systems of **MACHIAVEL**, who laid down no other Maxims of Government, but Craft, Artifice, Stratagems, Injustice, and Irreligion. Princes should labour to be profitable to Human Society. There ought to be a mutual Confidence between neighbouring Nations; good Faith, Justice, and Peace, among the Princes of the Universe, as well as between Private Men. These are the generous Sentiments of a noble Soul, who refers all Things to the Common Good of Mankind, and all Mankind to the Supreme Being; and not to ransack Kingdoms by Force and Rapine, and murder and destroy Human Kind, to gratify their Pride and Ambition.

The E N D.







An ESSAY on the FOUR CARDINAL VIRTUES,

VIZ.

PRUDENCE, TEMPERANCE,
JUSTICE, and FORTITUDE.

PRUDENCE.

HAPPY's the Man, who rightly understands,
And puts in Practice, the Divine Commands.
These Four Chief Virtues, if they're well apply'd,
Will never fail of being a sure Guide.

PRUDENCE! a Virtue both in Age and Youth,
A Faithful Guide in finding out the Truth ;
A noble Principle, the best that can
Come nearest to a reasonable Man.
Wisdom and Knowledge all Mankind desire ;
To gain it does a studious Thought require.

'Tis Prudence in a Civil Magistrate
To rule with Care, and govern well the State :
Widows' and Orphans' Wrongs will be redress'd,
And Care be taken to relieve th' Oppress'd :
He'll not for Interest his Honour stain,
Nor violate his Faith for sordid Gain.

'Tis Prudence to employ our precious Time
 On worthy Objects, and on Things Divine ;
 And not to spend our Time on Things obscure,
 When gain'd, no real Happiness procure.
 Wisdom and Knowledge our Duty's to obtain,
 When gain'd, Religious Principles maintain ;
 'Twill give more Satisfaction to the Mind,
 Than all the worldly Pleasures we can find.
 Happy's the Man who walks in Wisdom's Ways,
 And dedicates to Virtue all his Days.

Prudence recommends a virtuous Life,
 Free from anxious Cares, and hated Strife.

By EPICURUS, Heathens understood,
 That Sensual Pleasure was their Chiefest Good ;
 And taught, when they had once resign'd their
 Breath,
 That there remain'd no Pleasure after Death.
 Our Christian Doctrines teach us better Things,
 A virtuous Life the greatest Pleasure brings.
 Live virtuous here, with a contented Mind,
 You'll in a future State great Pleasure find.
 We pity those deluded ign'rant Souls,
 Who act contrary to Right Reason's Rules.
 If Men delight to riot and to feast,
 They are from Men transform'd into a Beast.
 What Pleasure can the *Epicurean* take,
 To indulge his Body for Distemper's Sake.
 Prudence is wanting to direct our Ways,
 When we voluptuously mispend our Days.

'Tis, sure, the best Improvement of our Time,
 To know and practise Things that are Divine.
 For want of Prudence, most Men go astray,
 When Passion over Reason bears the Sway.
 Prudence directs in virtuous Paths to go,
 A sure Guide to Happiness below.
 Prudence and Virtue, both together join'd,
 Is a bright Ornament to Human-kind.

J U S T I C E.

JUSTICE all Virtues doth exceed, and, when
 Strictly maintain'd, it makes us virtuous Men.
 Justice requires, that all Degrees should be
 Ready to serve the whole Community.

If Men the Rules of Justice would regard,
 Injur'd Virtue would meet with a Reward.
 Justice requires, that all Men should refrain
 From doing Injuries for sordid Gain.
 Our Rights and Properties, which we enjoy,
 Should not, by Force nor Craft, be took away :
 One Man should not the Rights of Others take,
 Nor act unjustly for Ambition's Sake.
 If we the Rules of Justice would pursue,
 We should to all our Promises be true,
 And render unto ev'ry Man his Due.

Heaven expects that we should use our Might,
 To guard th' Injur'd, the Defenceless, right ;
 And do to others all the Good we can,
 As we expect the same from ev'ry Man.

These Rules observ'd, your venerable Name
Will stand recorded in the List of Fame.

Justice our *Moralist* hath well explain'd,
Whose Precepts should by all Men be maintain'd :
Injustice next he brings upon the Stage,
One of the greatest Evils of the Age,
One of the greatest Injuries we can
Commit against our Fellow-Creature, Man.

It is Injustice to betray our Trust ;
He can't be honest, if he is not just :
'Tis a grand Fault, unjustly to defame,
And cast Reproaches on, our Neighbour's Name :
If Faults are known, 'tis Prudence to conceal
Them secretly, and not his Faults reveal.
From Crimes admonish friendly to abstain,
Not wilfully commit the same again :
This is the Way true Friendship to maintain.
And when such prudent Monitors appear,
It shews true Friendship, and pure Love sincere.

FORTITUDE.

FORTITUDE is an Evenness of Soul,
A steady Temper, which no Cares controul :
No anxious Thoughts lie lurking in the Breast,
No worldly Cares, nor Fears, disturb our Rest,
No Passions govern, when right Reason rule,
Nor discompose the brave heroick Soul.

For-

Fortitude, by our Moralists defin'd,
 Is to be just and honest to Mankind.
 He's truly great, who acts in a good Cause,
 Defends his Country, Liberty, and Laws.
 He that is always ready to maintain
 The Subjects' Rights, support Monarchial Reign,
 He'll, in the greatest Suff'rings, Pleasure take,
 Rather than the Christian Faith forsake.

Greatnes of Soul does gen'roufly contemn
 Vain Pomps, so much admir'd by worldly Men :
 Those fleeting Glories, which allure the Mind,
 And captivate the Race of Human-kind, }
 In them no solid Comfort we can find.
 'Tis a true Sign of an exalted Spirit
 To value them no more than for their Merit.
 'Tis an heroick Act of Constancy }
 To bear with all Misfortunes patiently,
 And not despise unwelcome Poverty.
 'Tis a true Christian Part to be content }
 In all Conditions Providence hath sent.

The Love of Riches is a fond Desire,
 'Tis what the greatest Part of Men admire :
 We eagerly pursue them, full of Cares,
 When got, we are fill'd with anxious Fears
 How to keep them, ~~lest~~ an unruly Heir,
 By Rioting, the mighty Stock impair :
 It often proves, that, after so much Pains,
 And anxious Cares, nothing, but Shame, remains.

'Tis Prudence not to squander Time away,
But to provide against the Judgment-Day ;
Which brings more Satisfaction to the Man,
Than all the worldly Pomps and Glories can.

Happy's the Man, who's crown'd with Fortitude,
Whose Passions are, by Reason's Rules, subdu'd.
Happiness does not consist in Pleasure,
Nor obtain'd by Heaps of worldly Treasure.
He's happy, who enjoys, with true Content,
The smallest Portion Providence hath sent.
He shews true Fortitude, that is inclin'd
To bear Afflictions with a Christian Mind.

TEMPERANCE.

A Noble Virtue, prudent Men admire,
And all true Lovers of their Health desire ;
It keeps our Bodies from Distempers free,
Occasion'd by pernicious Luxury ;
Duly observ'd, it lengthens out our Days,
And fills us with refin'd Cœlestial Joys ;
It keeps our wav'ring Minds firm and sedate,
And our unruly Passions moderate.
The Temperate Man enjoys more Pleasure,
Than Pride and Avarice with all its Treasure.
Temperance gives Leisure to contemplate
The various Windings of inconstant Fate,
And to provide for an immortal State.

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In-

Intemperance creates excessive Pride,
 Which makes us lay all virtuous Acts aside,
 It makes us Enemies to Charity,
 And those despise which are of mean Degree.

When generous Wine intoxicates the Brain,
 It makes us vicious Principles maintain.

Luxury brings Diseases oft', we find,
 To the frail Bodies of debaucht Mankind,
 And the tormenting Passions of the Mind :
 It causes Murders, Thefts, and Robberies,
 Fraud and Deceit, and all the Villainies,
 Our sensual Appetites can e'er devise.

'Tis noble virtuous Acts alone that can
 Cause and preserve the Happiness of Man.
 Happy's the Man, whose studious Mind's endu'd
 With *Prudence, Temperance, Justice, Fortitude.*





The Young Gallant.

DEEP sunk in Down, ('till the gay Morning's spent)

Clouded with Fumes, which from the Stomach's sent,

In slothful Ease he lolls, and careless lies, }
Then scrats his Head, and rubs his gummy Eyes, }
And swears by *Jove*, for want of Drink, I'll rise. }

Two Hours before the Dinner's on the Table,
He saunters from the Kennel to the Stable :

One Hour at Table, in luxurious eating :
Two more are spent in idle Chat and Prating ;
Some Scraps repeated from loose Plays and Farces,
Or talking of his nimble Hounds and Horses :

His craving Appetite he scorns to baulk ;
The Glass runs round as nimble as his Talk ;
The Butler's call'd, more Liquor, D—e ! bring,
We'll drink full Bumpers to the Church and King :
Altho' he names the Church, we seldom hear
He enters in it above twice a Year.

The Night is spent (for want of better Gentry)
With Clod-pates, and such Boorish Company :
He treats with **STOUT**, the best the House affords,
And makes them all as drunk as rakish Lords.
He gains a Conquest, glories o'er the Dead,
And, reeling, goes triumphantly to Bed.

